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Micro Non-Fiction (183 Words)

Panache

She was Irish, prised blue eyes and a couple hands shorter, zapping fire humor and intellect from windows when she joked with passersby and soared higher in places of her own neural study and our dual tandem theatre. Apocalypse sky, and she was all things cycloramic, deep stars in person and cocoa peppermint like diamond. We linked and appeared together in backstage photos and the intimate private screenings from a stolen VHS of a doctor pal known to other people. We sat in antique cockpit once, watching daylight green grass acreage (or hectares) and talking things where humor scattered with ever hot ponder. I was not her want or need so simply in weeks she later abandoned. Not a surprise, and logical, since she was never wrong at all, really. Meanwhile through 2026 it's all kinda funny what happened in the days, more so when hidden faces found that foto of ours, obscure and odd like a weird sign on a Cork farm drive, or the shape of an unknown fancy black car on a dark street at 2AM in Vegas, no xenon.

End.